

## JUST A VAGRANT, ALL FROM LOVE.

Once Well-To-Do Deaf Mute  
Committed to Workhouse at  
His Own Request, After His  
Sweetheart Jilted Him.

### BROODED OVER TROUBLES.

James McClelland, a deaf mute, was  
arrested in the Long Island City  
Police Court this morning and com-  
mitted as a vagrant for six months. It  
was virtually at his own request. Once  
well-to-do and now homeless, he will at  
least have a place to sleep and food  
during the winter.

Henry Schlatt, now a deputy sheriff,  
who had known McClelland as a boy,  
and later when he had grown up and  
had money, met the unfortunate man a  
few days ago. He learned that he had  
been disappointed in love and taken to  
drink.

He saw, too, that his friend was help-  
less without money or friends, and  
persuaded him to go to the police court  
and have himself committed to the work-  
house, so that at least he would be  
comfortable.

McClelland's sweetheart, whose name  
he will not disclose, jilted him and mar-  
ried another.

He brooded over the sad game life had  
played with him and after exhausting  
what he believed to be every other  
means to forget his troubles became a  
drunkard. That was the downfall of  
James McClelland. Because of failure  
to win the girl of his heart he made  
himself an exile from society; but some  
money that he inherited stood him in  
good stead, for his mind became such a  
wreck he could not attend to business.

After taking his first drink his fortune  
began to slowly diminish.

Deputy Sheriff Schlatt was touched  
by the story his old friend told him.  
"Come to the court with me and I  
will have you committed for the win-  
ter. We will take good care of you  
there," the officer told him.

McClelland was prepared for almost  
any fate when he faced Magistrate  
Compton.

"I am friendless, penniless and heart-  
broken," he told the Magistrate. And  
then the kind-hearted Judge listened.

The girl that he loved was the daughter  
of a wealthy resident of Brooklyn.

They had a "love" quarrel, but it  
turned out more serious than many  
disputes of that character. In their  
several years' acquaintance she had  
grown to love him and he loved her.

McClelland bitterly tried to make  
amends for the part he had played in  
the quarrel, but she turned a deaf  
ear to his appeals. Then it was she  
married another. He was too late for  
her, but he could not forget her.

McClelland is well connected. He has  
a sister living in New York who is  
fortunate and a brother living in Brook-  
lyn who is wealthy. Pride restrains  
him from seeking aid from them.

## KAISER READY TO STRIKE AT CASTRO.

Berlin Declares that the Posi-  
tion of Germans in Venezuela  
Has Become Untenable.

BERLIN, Dec. 2.—While Germany's  
claim against Venezuela amounts to  
\$5,000,000, President Castro has re-  
presented to Germany that Venezuela  
has little credit abroad; that the country  
is just emerging from a civil war, during  
which planting and industry were  
partially ruined, and that, therefore,  
no matter how much Venezuela may desire  
to satisfy immediately the claims against  
her, it is obviously impossible.

Hence an agreement on the subject  
must provide for deferred payments.  
The seizure of the Custom-Houses, by  
depriving the Government of an im-  
portant means to administer the coun-  
try, would add to the internal distress  
and disorder.

While President Castro's proposals are  
not disclosed there is reason to believe  
that they include the emission of bonds  
at a moderately high rate of interest,  
with some sort of a guarantee that if  
the interest or the instalments of the  
principal are defaulted certain Venezue-  
lan Custom-Houses may be taken over  
by Germany.

## FASHIONABLES SAW MAN RUN, BLEEDING

Would-Be Suicide, After Slash-  
ing His Throat, Dashed Along  
Crowded Avenue in Lakewood.

(Special to The Evening World.)

LAKEWOOD, N. J., Dec. 2.—"I'm tired  
of living and going to jail. I'll go out in  
the barn and commit suicide," said John  
Alfred Martin, a painter thirty-four  
years old, to a salesman in J. H.  
Cooper's market to-day.

"No need to go to the barn; do it  
here," the clerk jokingly suggested.

"Before anybody," answered Martin.

Interference he seized a knife from a meat  
block and drew it across his  
throat twice. Then he ran out into the  
street with blood spurting in a stream  
from his wounds.

Clifton avenue was crowded with fash-  
ionable turnouts at the time and many  
society people were made faint at the  
sight of Martin.

He was caught by Chief of Police  
Crane and taken to a physician's office  
where the gaping wounds in his throat  
were closed up. The doctor said that  
Martin was not in his right mind.

With him had been out of work for some  
time and drinking heavily.

## MOULINEUX PLAY A SAD AFFAIR.

It's Painful to Have to Sit  
Down and Tell About It, but  
the Concoction Made a Ten-  
Strike with the Gallery Gods.

### HAS DEATH-HOUSE SCENE.

"The Great Poison Mystery," produced  
in Blaney's Theatre, in Newark, last  
night, was exploded in the first act.  
That is, the fuse burned up to the empty  
bomb, but the gallery gods hanging on  
by their eyelids never saw the deadly  
missile, and bit into the coping iron  
on the top left to the last climax.

"Founded on the Chief Incidents of the  
Molineux Trial," read the program,  
but, go good Robert Molineux, the hero  
of the "awful mystery," let us analyze  
him.

Robert shed his peculiar effulgence  
on the first act in the cafe of the Metro-  
politan Sporting Club, but he was pre-  
ceded by the villain, Harrison Cornwall  
(Chief Instructor, Athletic Department,  
Metropolitan Sporting Club). Harrison  
staggered in under his makeup, and  
after a few spasms he was it. That is,  
he was it. Whatever you had about you  
or could gather up in the immediate  
neighborhood was his. Whether his col-  
lecting it in the few nooks and corners  
of his front face or profile, the gallery  
—that exponent of human sympathy or  
hate—certainly made their best effort to  
make him it, and you, being no more  
than human, wished you had an axe.

The Limit as a Hero.

As a hero Robert was the limit. He  
tried to proclaim himself such, but his  
voice wouldn't let him. It was one of  
those voices that you wonder how it  
was made. But you don't wonder long.  
You realize that the man himself at  
some strenuous moment in his life had  
tried to swallow the hub of a beer  
wagon and had spilt it in his throat.

Such was Robert as to his vocal ex-  
hibit. Sardonically he was far beyond  
power of expression.

In the first place, his face didn't fit.  
It was neither that of "hero," criminal  
nor lobster. It had about the same ex-  
pression as one of those put faces  
that the professor slams against the  
blackboard and then spends the rest of  
his act in trying to apologize for.

Then he could not fit his clothes, nor  
could they fit him. He had on a bur-  
lesque make-up that his fervid lines only  
emphasized—that is, when he remem-  
bered them—up his lines, even handed  
out from the wings, slipped through  
his fingers to the stage, and when they  
bounced back he caught them "any old  
way."

The first sensation was the delivery  
of the poison package. Robert had pre-  
pared a headache powder, at least he  
tried to tell you so, but after you had  
listened to his convulsed voice for a  
few minutes you wished it had been an  
opiate and you had swallowed it.

Then through your clouded vision you  
saw that he was the big brother with  
little brother's best clothes on.

Blanche on the Scene.

Then Blanche came on, and you hope-  
lessly desired to change places with our  
ancestral patriarchal exhibit and ex-  
change the most subtle of poisons for a  
plant and spike-edged club. Not that  
Blanche did not cuddle to Robert, nor  
Robert did not cuddle to Blanche, but  
how could they, and let us pass on to  
the death house.

The Death House was an improvised  
barn with room enough for the "at-  
tack" to do a mile in ten days. There  
was a door that opened and shut with  
the draft and bars to a window. It was  
a prison window—it might have been  
the facade of the Park Row Building.

And there in this "house of die," and  
defying the subtle action of the "die,"  
vibrated back and forth with the  
prompts' voice, and maybe he didn't  
work overtime. The first thing you  
knew Robert was looping the loop in  
his four-act sell, and—well, we can't  
describe the infection or the intonation,  
but we caught: "My God, my God, to  
think that I am to die this 'shameless'  
death!"

Before he can do any more injury to  
himself, the keeper lets in a crowned  
criminal, a man to die in a few hours.

By the way, this condemned one is  
the hardest-working one of the cast.  
But despite his earthquake, his breath-  
ing of fire and his striking off of  
myriads of sparks, he can get no more  
from the "hero" than "I am innocent,  
and if I cannot die here a free man dis-  
honored, will die without these grim  
walls, a dishonored man free."

This is enough for the visitor, who,  
grinding his teeth, goes out to watch  
his electrical doom.

An Infant Jury.

Then comes the court scene. There is  
the Judge, the Jury, the Prisoner and  
his Counsel. There are five of the jury  
on the top row. If McClelland had  
caught them voting he'd have turned  
them over to the City Society.

Of the six on the row below, the child-  
ren let their childishness out. The twelfth  
juror's nose loomed above the rail of  
the box, but no one knew if he were  
there or not. The judge, when the  
jury went out to deliberate on Robert's  
fate he got lost in a crack and the  
eleven gave freedom to the prisoner  
without consulting him. It was learned  
later in the night that he was the  
strongest juror and supported the  
court room scenery.

After the show the foreman of the  
jury was arrested for smoking a cigar-  
ette, as he was under age. The play-  
wright, Victor G. Calver, bailed him out  
with stage money, but they won't know  
that in Newark for a few weeks.

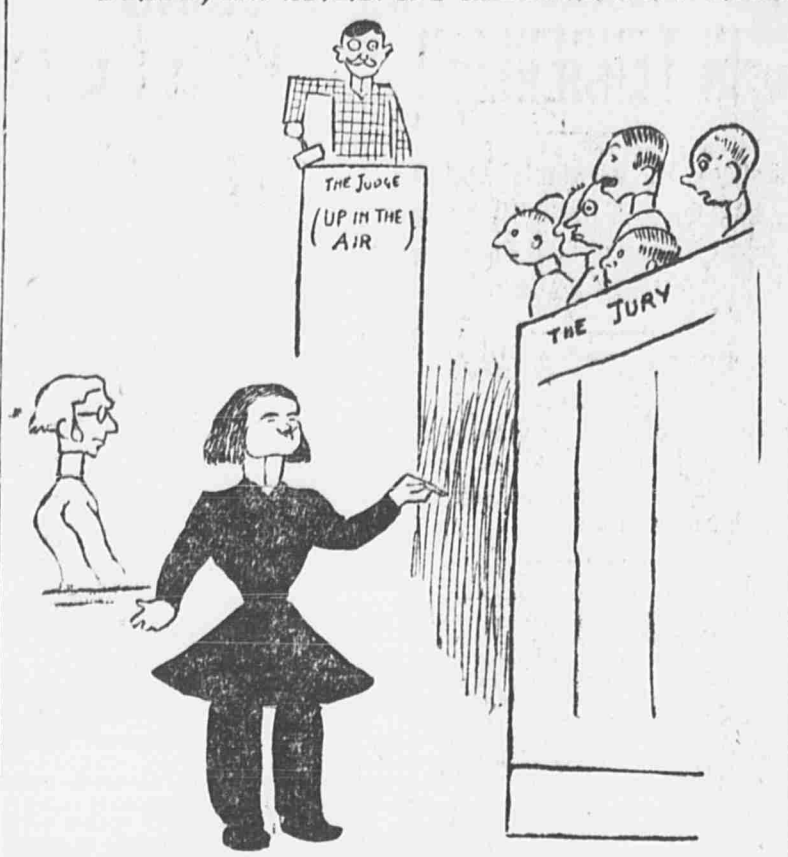
Then there was ex-Gov. Blackstone,  
of counsel for the prisoner. During his  
address to the jury he drifted off to  
the wings every few minutes to glue  
on his make-up. During his peroration  
he ate up the make-up, but nobody ever  
knew. Precursor Osgood came on the  
stage without his organ or monkey,  
and consequently was hissed. He had  
on black clothes the padrone had loaned  
him, and his instructions were to "sow  
hard and say a few words."

The last act was the burning East  
River Bridge scene, where the curtain  
Cornwall escapes the ever-pursuing  
vengeance of Nelly Pity, whom he had  
once twice a few clothes lines are  
hung across the stage with bar-  
rel-staves as footways. The Grand Street  
Ferry and villain come in a  
steep from the ferry slip up to the  
bridge—that part of the structure in  
the wings—and out the stage door  
across the alley for a drink.

The rest collects around  
the clothes-lines and a brick is dropped  
in the wings. This makes a spasm on  
rotter canvas and the villain is im-  
mersed.

Robert, "forgetting all," plunges into  
the awful water. There the curtain  
leaves him. Some of the audience goes  
out, hoping that he may remain, there,  
and would encourage the villain in an-  
other drink.

## SOME THINGS IN THE MOULINEUX PLAY, AS SEEN BY ARTIST POWERS.



District Attorney Osgood (or Osborne) pleading to the jury. Ex-Gov. Blackstone in the background.

## JUMPED OVERBOARD, MURDERED WOMAN YELLED FOR HELP CUTHBERT'S WIFE.

Water Was Freezing Cold, and  
Would-Be Suicide Changed  
His Mind After His Plunge.

PITTSBURGH, Dec. 2.—The police of  
this city are hunting for the young pel-  
litor named Harry Singer, alias Asa-  
son, who is alleged to have murdered  
"Mrs. Lizzie Wilson" in a resort near  
his home in this city.

Jealousy is the only motive announced  
to account for the murder. Singer, it is  
asserted, went to his brother's house,  
in Allegheny, after changing his clothing  
and obtaining \$250 from a relative, and  
then escaped from that city.

The murdered woman was the wife of  
Edward B. Cuthbert, a stock broker and  
grain trader in New York, who failed  
five years ago.

A native of South Carolina and a  
grandson of the millionaire furrier, F.  
W. Lusk, from whom he inherited a  
comfortable fortune, Cuthbert organized  
the firm of E. B. Cuthbert & Co., a  
commission house, at No. 30 Broad-  
street, in 1884, and made a great suc-  
cess of the business for three years by  
establishing branch offices at Philadel-  
phia, Raleigh, N. C., Baltimore, Boston,  
Albany, Philadelphia, Poughkeepsie,  
Washington and Troy.

The first downward tendency in his  
fortune was found in 1891, when William  
Euclid Young, one of the partners in the  
firm, was found guilty of fraud in con-  
ducting a spurious transaction and was  
expelled from the New York Stock Ex-  
change.

A year later the firm failed for \$300,000.

FOUND DEAD IN HOME.

States Island Woman Is Fatally  
Stricken at Household Duties.

Mrs. Matilda Pettions, twenty-eight  
years old, was found dead at her home  
in Rossville, S. I., to-day. She had pre-  
pared breakfast for her husband and had  
then lain down, having complained of  
feeling ill. A noon afterward she was  
found dead.

Her death is supposed to have been  
caused by kidney trouble. Coroner  
Scheffer was notified.

VICTIM OF ATTACK  
IN STREET DEAD.

Wife of Man Beaten, Silent  
Now, Will Wait Before Telling  
What She Knows.

Frank Shannon, of No. 756 Eleventh  
avenue, is dead in the New York Hos-  
pital, while the police are searching for  
the three men who attacked and beat  
him into insensibility just outside a  
saloon at Seventh avenue and Twenty-  
sixth street.

James Rose, of No. 144 West Twenty-  
sixth street, was arrested early to-day  
on suspicion. Two women were also ar-  
rested, one claiming to be the wife of  
the victim.

When taken to the police station the  
latter refused to talk about the affair,  
but promised to "open up" in case her  
husband died. She said she had been in  
Edward's saloon with her husband and  
that he had left her there.

A few minutes after he went out she  
followed him and found him unconscious  
one the sidewalk. He had been badly  
beaten on the head and face.

Edward Cohen, of No. 284 Seventh  
avenue, told the police he saw three  
men attack Shannon outside the saloon,  
saying something about a stolen over-  
coat. One of the trio is said to be an  
ex-prize fighter.

Shannon and his wife are well-known  
characters in the neighborhood, being  
known as Frank and Nan in the sa-  
loons. The second woman, who was  
with Mrs. Shannon, refused to give the  
police her name or address.

DO IT YOURSELF.

It is easy to tell whether your kidneys  
are diseased. Take a bottle of glass tum-  
blers and fill it with urine. If there is a  
sediment after standing over night, there is  
something wrong with the kidneys. Other  
sure signs of disease are a desire to urinate  
often, pain in the back, or if the urine  
stains linen.

There is no question that Dr. David Ken-  
nedy's Favorite Remedy is the best and  
surest medicine in the world for diseases of  
the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood,  
rheumatism, dyspepsia and chronic con-  
stipation. It quickly relieves and cures in-  
ability to hold urine and the necessity of  
getting up a number of times during the  
night. It puts an end to that scalding pain  
when passing urine and corrects the bad  
effects of whiskey and beer. It is sold in  
two sizes, 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

Try bottle free. Apply to W. B. Hockley's  
Drug Stores, 8th ave. and 24th st., 2nd ave.  
and 10th st., New York, or nearest branch  
World and address DR. DAVID KENNEDY  
CORPORATION, Roseton, N. Y.

## BRAVE MAN FOILS SAFE-BLOWERS.

Metuchen Telephone Operator  
Fires on Them in Act of Rob-  
bing Post-Office and Causes  
Them to Flee.

### ROBBERS' THIRD ATTEMPT.

(Special to The Evening World.)

METUCHEN, N. J., Dec. 2.—For the  
third time in six months robbers blew  
up the safe in the post-office here this  
morning and would have made their  
third successful haul had it not been  
for the bravery of James Grinstead,  
the night telephone operator for the  
New York and New Jersey Telephone  
Company.

The post-office here seems to have  
been made the especial mark by a band  
of experienced safe-blowers. This was  
a new safe, the third they had ruined  
in this post-office.

Grinstead heard a loud explosion in  
the Post-Office at 4 o'clock this morn-  
ing. The Post-Office is in the same  
building with the telephone exchange.  
He ran to the door opening into the  
Post-Office from the hall, and, failing  
to get in there, he ran around to the  
front door. His efforts to get in the  
side door frightened the robbers, and  
they abandoned their work just as  
they were about to apply another charge  
of nitro-glycerine to the heavy door of  
the safe.

The telephone operator met them  
just as they were running out the front  
door. There were two of them and he  
fired his revolver five times at them.  
It is not believed that he struck  
either, as both of them got away with-  
out any difficulty. The explosion of the  
safe and the pistol shots aroused the  
town, and immediately the Metuchen  
Vigilance Society formed a posse of  
twenty-seven armed men, and, mounted  
on horseback, they started in pursuit of  
the outlaws.

The whole country hereabouts is be-  
ing scourged, and, as indignation runs  
high, violence may result if either of the  
men is captured.

When Postmaster Edward Burroughs  
closed the safe last night there was in it  
\$1,000 in stamps and about \$400 in cash.  
It is not believed the contents of the  
safe are injured, but the door is so  
completely wrecked that it will be sev-  
eral days before it can be opened.

The robbers made such a quick exit  
that they left their tools behind them.  
It is considered one of the most com-  
plete sets of safe-blowers' tools ever  
seen in this section.

The first assault on the Post Office  
safe was made last June, when robbers  
blew off the door and secured \$700 in  
cash and \$700 in stamps. The second  
robbery occurred in September, soon  
after a new safe had been installed, and  
then the robbers secured about \$300 in  
cash and \$500 in stamps. The door of  
that safe was blown off.

MAYOR HEARS FROM CRITICS

Gets Civil Service Reform Letter  
and Refers It to Commission.

Mayor Low, after reading the letter  
from the Civil Service Reform Associa-  
tion to-day, in which the work of the  
Service Commission is severely  
criticized and reform suggested, issued  
the following statement:

"I have referred the letter from the  
Civil Service Reform Association to the  
Municipal Civil Service Commission for  
reply. Until I receive the reply I shall  
hold my own judgment in suspense, as  
I think the public should do. When the  
Commission has been heard from I shall  
consider what action, if any, ought to  
be taken."

## Pretty, but so Thin!



"Doctor," said our clerk, as  
a customer went out, "that wo-  
man would be a beauty if she  
were not so horribly thin."

"Yes," said the doctor, "she  
is really ill; most thin women  
are ill."

Unusual thinness may mean  
worry, extra work, care of the  
sick, nervousness, dyspepsia,  
bowel troubles, or the first  
sign of a serious disease like  
consumption.

The best thing we have found  
for thin people, whatever the  
cause, is Vinol.

"To combine the medicinal  
properties of cod liver oil with  
organic iron in such a powerful  
and yet well-tasting prepara-  
tion, was a great discovery. If  
you try it and are not pleased,  
we pay the money back."

Riker's Drug Store

6th AVE. and 23d ST.  
Mail Orders Supplied, \$1 Per Bottle, Express Paid.

John Daniel,

Sons & Sons.

Dry & Fancy Goods House.

Clearance Sale

in  
Ladies' Suit Dept.

(Second Floor.)

A great variety displayed in  
such manner that a single glance  
will be sufficient to make a se-  
lection.

Suits—Cheviot, Broadcloth or  
Zibeline, formerly 20.00 to 65.00,  
for this sale 13.50 to 42.00

Walking Suits—A variety of  
mixtures and colors, Blouses,  
Norfolk Jackets, formerly 15.00  
to 35.00,  
for this sale 10.75 to 22.50

100 Silk Dress Waists—all col-  
ors, in a variety of styles.

Value 8.00, at 4.75

Immense Cut in Prices of  
Trimmed Hats,

Toques & Bonnets

to effect a clearance sale.

Were 7.50, now 4.00

Were 10.00, now 6.00

Were 12.00, now 8.00

Were 15.00, now 10.00

Were 18.00, now 12.00

Were 20.00 to 25.00, now 15.00

Entrances on 3 Thoroughfares.

Broadway, 8 & 9 Sts.

Holiday Sale

of

Oriental Rugs.

80 Guenje and

Karabagh Rugs,

\$13.50.

125 Guenje and

Karabagh Rugs,

smaller,

\$10.00.

125 Mixed Qualities

and Sizes,

\$7.75.

Lord & Taylor,

Broadway & 20th St.

## Our December Sale of Blankets, Comfortables and Slumber Robes

will take place to-morrow, Wed., Dec. 3rd.

Unlimited quantities, exceptional values and sterling  
qualities. Only the Best New England and California  
Mills are represented in this sale.

Single Bed Size, 10-4. Double Bed Size, 11-4. Extra Large Size, 12-4.

\$1.98, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.25, \$8.75.

\$2.50, \$4.50, \$5.25, \$8.75, \$10.50.

Also superior grades of

Extra Fine California Blankets,

large sizes, suitable for Holiday gifts,

\$12.00, \$17.50, \$21.50 & \$23.00 per pair.

Another large purchase of

Down Comfortables,

covered with figured mercerized sateen, woven from combed  
Egyptian yarn, beautiful designs; former prices \$5 to \$6.

sale price \$3.85,

and a very choice collection of Holiday Specialties, from

\$4.75 to \$28.50

Figured Silkoline Comfortables,

filled with pure lamb's wool, and sateen filled with pure  
cotton; two leaders at \$2.50.